

DAYS MISSING #5

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TROY- As a rule, try to connect as many of the robot's balloons as possible in each panel when they are obviously the continuation of a sentence.

Characters to be designed this issue:

ROBOT- This robot is an amalgam of tiny nanomachines, so we'll see it start as a chunk of protoplasm and evolve into a humanoid form, then a giant humanoid form. It should look alien and cool. Its skin is white and looks to be composed of tiny, almost imperceptibly small scales. There are irregular, grey, geometric veins, like a skewed grid, or circuit pattern scoring the white skin at the joints and in various places over the body. The eyes should be big, like a typical "grey" alien, but not all black, rather all white like the skin, with only a tiny pinhole of black as a pupil. Lanky body. Go crazy.

ANTI-STEWARD: We won't really see him or her, but we might have a shadowy shot of the character, so make it look like the hooded Steward from #1's cover.

DR. LESSIG: About 50. White dude. Tall, balding, remaining hair unkempt, glasses. Manic energy. Rumpled clothes under white lab coat.

DR. LI: Chinese American. 27. Small, fit, short hair. Cute. Lab coat.

POLTON: 33. Obese. African American. Doughy nerd in jeans and t-shirt. Thick glasses. Will find waiting in line at SDCC eager to argue the merits of Captain Janeway over Captain Kirk.

HOBART: 62. Native American. Close cropped white hair. Wears cop-like security guard uniform. Carries taser, flashlight, gun, etc.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE ONE

Pan 1- Extreme close up of The Steward. His shades are gone and his breath may be visible due to cold. He's looking up at the camera with a determined, almost angry face. Blood trickles from his mouth and nose. He's looking beat up, but ready to strike back.

CAP: 12/21/09 - 11:58:33 PM

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: I've never seen you like this.

STEWARD: Kaff!

Pan 2- Pull back so we see more of The Steward. Medium close-up. Snow is falling.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Desperate.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Frightened.

STEWARD: This your your final- nnggh.

Pan 3- Pull back even more. Now we can make out that The Steward is crouched in a defensive pose. He's standing on some kind of grey/white platform. Behind him smoke swirls in the snow.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Bloodied.

STEWARD: Your final warning.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Beaten.

Pan 4- Pull back so we see not only all of the crouching Steward, but the fact that he is crouching in the gigantic hand of the robot who holds him in the cold night air of South Dakota.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: And I must say...

STEWARD: Give up now while you still can.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: I find it exhilarating.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE TWO-THREE DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD

Pan 1- Splash that stretches across the top 2/3 of pages 2-3. We are at a low angle and are looking up through the charred wreckage of a lab in the FG (sign visible) to the robot who seems to be about 60 feet tall in MG. He's holding The Steward in his palm like a toy and regards him with some curiosity. This lab is on the edge of Aberdeen, South Dakota (now evacuated). Background is all twisted fence, broken timber and burning debris among snow. Cold and dark.

ROBOT: Absurd.

ROBOT: Human unit is-

ROBOT: At our mercy.

SIGN (charred and blown in half): Tobin Advanced Materials, Aberdeen, South Dakota

TITLE: 12/21/09
CREDITS, ETC.

Pan 2 (first of eight panels that are in a tier along the bottom of pages 2-3 and are about 1/3 of the page tall)- Close on the bedraggled Steward again.

STEWARD: That's where you're wrong- kaff-kaff!

STEWARD: I'm not human.

Pan 3- 2 shot of the robot speaking to Steward. Maybe simple profile.

ROBOT: Explain.

STEWARD: Cease your rampage.

STEWARD: Stop this destruction or I will be- ungh-

STEWARD: Be forced to fold time.

Pan 4- Shot past the robot's head & shoulder in FG down to Steward in palm.

ROBOT: Repeat: Explain.

STEWARD: I can stop the flow of time, force it back. I will erase the very day you came to sentience.

Pan 5- Close, low angle shot of the robot's face. His previously darkened pupils light up.

ROBOT: Scanning.

ROBOT: Scan indicates unusual levels-

ROBOT: Of gravitic distortion-

ROBOT: Inside human unit.

Pan 6- Low angle shot of the pair.

STEWARD: I told you, I'm not hum-

ROBOT: Regardless-

ROBOT: Calculate 76% probability-

ROBOT: of intentional falsehood.

Pan 7- The robot's fingers begin to close around The Steward.

ROBOT: Initiating termination.

Pan 8- XCU Steward staring between the fingers as they start to crush him. Eyes blazing.

STEWARD: I... warned you.

Pan 9- High angle. The Steward and the Robot are small figures almost completely washed away by the extremely bright light emanating from The Steward. No color. Time is folded!

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE FOUR

Pan 1- Jump back 24 hours. We're outside a modest, but modern looking , one story office building with a chain link fence around it. The sign we saw broken on p. 2-3 is now whole. The Steward, his back to us and inside the fence, trudges through the snow to the lab. Lights blaze from within. We are in a commercial park on the edge of town. Wide shot.

CAP: 12/21/09 - 12:00:52 AM

SIGN: Tobin Advanced Materials, Aberdeen, South Dakota

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: And here you are again, hopping off your carousel and into some forgotten, frozen little village.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Everything just as it was twenty-four hours ago...

Pan 2- MCU Steward drawing his collar in against the cold. He is STILL beat up and bloodied. He has not changed.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Except you, of course.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: My little Sisyphus, running the same marathon over and over.

Pan 3- 3/4 behind Steward as he stands at a secure looking steel door with a punch code entry system. A warning placard with a bio-hazard and radiation symbol bolted to door.

SIGN: Authorized personnel only.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Covering the same ground,

Pan 4- Close on Steward's gloved, but torn hand punching in a code.

SFX: meep meep meep- thunk

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: But never resting.

Pan 5- Wide, low angle. We're on the floor of a clean room lab. White on white. Some lab table and computers inside. A glass beaker sits on its side and a tennis ball sized sphere of robot stuff sits inside. In BG there is a wide observation window through which Lessig, Li, Polton, and Hobart watch. Lessig looks excited, Li worries, Polton excited/freaked, and Hobart bored.

CAP: 12/21/09 - 12:11:03 AM

POLTON: It's grey goo, man. No doubt. Star Trek stuff right there.

POLTON: End of the world stuff.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE FIVE

Pan 1- Reverse Pan 5 of Page 4. Now we're on the other side of the glass and get a good look at the lab. It's got six work stations, and looks fairly modern, but there are papers and pizza boxes strewn about. It looks like these people are staying late to deal with this crisis. Lessig loses patience with Polton. Li moderates. Hobart wry. Wide panel.

LESSIG: Shut up, Rick. It's just a clot of nanites in a freaking beaker.

POLTON: Uh-huh. That's why we're all here after midnight baby sitting it.

POLTON: Six hours ago it was a stray strand of a dozen nanites no bigger than an amoeba, now it's the size of a tennis ball.

LI: That does it. I'm calling corporate.

HOBART: Should of done that before my shift.

Pan 2- From behind Lessig and Li as they face off. Full figure shots. A shadow

falls on the floor in the FG (Steward).

LESSIG: And let them take credit for what we've discovered?

LI: Discovered? Dave, this is a world class screw up.

LI: We need to bring corporate in now.

STEWARD OP: It's too late for that.

Pan 3- MCU Steward. He looks like he stopped to clean up a little and is now wearing another pair of shades. Still looks beat, but not bleeding.

POLTON OP: Oh, hell. You're from corporate, aren't you?

STEWARD: No, I'm not.

STEWARD: And by the time anyone from your corporate headquarters gets here that tennis ball will be a walking, talking, violently angry, horrifyingly intelligent life form.

Pan 4- High angle. Tiny figures. No BG or panel borders.

POLTON: I told you, man. We're in Michael Crichton territory. I knew it!

LESSIG: Enough fooling around. Who are you?

STEWARD: I am known as The Steward.

Pan 5- Low angle shot of The Steward. He's not messing around with cover stories or anything this time. Laying it all out.

STEWARD: I am a being who exists outside of time, observing humanity. Sometimes protecting, sometimes inspiring.

STEWARD: When events warrant, I intervene. This is one such event.

Pan 6- Shallow, wide panel that stretches the width of the page. Just reaction shots of the humans who stare at Steward like he's a nut.

LI: Okay.

POLTON: Dude, Dr. Who is British.

LESSIG: And imaginary.

Pan 7- In FG panel right Hobart closes in on the standing Steward with a drawn taser. Need not see his entire figure. Steward is nonplussed.

STEWARD: I'm not a time traveller, but I can fold time, effectively resetting any twenty-four hour period.

STEWARD: I can use that missing day to abort potential catastrophe, like the one brewing in the next room. Rather, the lessons I impart to humanity during-

HOBART: Right. You come with me or you meet Mr. Taser.

Pan 8- Steward flips Hobart, judo style, sending the taser and his sunglasses flying. We're behind Steward and see some reactions from the 3 scientists.

SFX: Fwump!

HOBART: Urgh.

LI: His eyes.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE SIX

Pan 1- Wide. CU of The Steward with his freaky eyes aglow as he looks back at the scientists.

LI OP: Look at his eyes!

STEWARD: Listen to me. I have folded this day nine times in an effort to save your species from this new life form and each time I have failed.

STEWARD: There is no time for your childishness.

Pan 2- Steward Helps Hobart up in BG. FG is the lower bodies of Li and Lessig.

LI (semi OP): Failed?

STEWARD: You will waste the next twelve hours attempting to contain the nanite colony through conventional protocols before accepting my aid.

STEWARD: Containing the entity will prove fruitless in any case-

LESSIG (semi OP): You keep saying entity. What entity? It's a lump of nanites.

Pan 3: We're back in the lab. The tennis ball has shot out a few tendrils into

the floor, like probing antennae. Above, in BG, Steward argues with Lessig.

STEWARD: A growing lump.

LESSIG: Okay, but it's not turning into anything.

LESSIG: They're simple nanomachines programmed to identify necrotic tissue and consume it, converting it into more nanites that form a membrane around the diseased tissue.

LESSIG: It's a simple medical application. It can't think, even on the most rudimentary level imaginable.

Pan 4- CU Angry, shocked Lessig.

STEWARD OP: That's before you gave it life.

LESSIG: Gave it-?

LI OP: What's he talking about, Marty?

Pan 5- High angle. Steward stands in the center of the group. Lots of balloon space.

STEWARD: Seven hours ago Dr. Lessig removed his glove in the clean room to get a better grip on his laptop stylus.

STEWARD: He accidentally brushed the unsecured nanite strand with his bare hand.

STEWARD: The nanite attempted to identify your cells as necrotic tissue, but having never encountered healthy tissue before they became confused and began regarding all inorganic material as necrotic human tissue.

Pan 6- Inside the clean room again. The tennis ball has now grown somewhat out of the beaker and the beaker is no longer glass, but the same material as the grey goo ball.

STEWARD: They began converting everything they came in contact with, as you can see.

LESSIG: Ridiculous. I'd never-

Pan 7- MCU Steward. Wide panel. He's impassively telling them what's coming down. He's been through it numerous times. Tired.

STEWARD: It's on the security tape.

STEWARD: Typically, you will look at the tape in two to three hours and see that I am telling the truth.

STEWARD: In four to six hours, Dr. Lessig usually becomes so panic stricken that he must be sedated. In seven to eight hours you resort to calling corporate headquarters and reporting the disaster.

STEWARD: We are then quarantined.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE SEVEN

Pan 1- Lessig grabs The Steward by the lapels in anger.

STEWARD: In twelve to thirteen hours, the city of Aberdeen is effectively evacuated under the cover story of a chemical leak from this facility.

LESSIG: You're a crazy person!

LESSIG: If you can erase things from history why not just erase my so-called accident?

Pan 2- The Steward calmly pushes Lessig back.

STEWARD: I can't read the future. I can only react to a crisis after it has begun.

STEWARD: Know this- in eighteen to twenty hours it will learn to speak.

Pan 3- CU startled, confused Polton. Maybe even pausing from a long draw from a big gulp soda cup.

STEWARD OP: Mr. Polton typically goes mad at that point, leaving only myself, Dr. Li, and Mr. Hobart to deal with the life form.

POLTON: Hold on, it learns to talk?

Pan 4- Wide. Lessig throws his hands up in disgust. Li is pondering.

STEWARD: Dr. Lessig's physical contact made an impression of the colony.

STEWARD: Not having an effective growth template built in, it began to form strands of rudimentary dna based on Dr. Lessig's.

LESSIG: Can we end this charade now?

Pan 5- Lessig in FG shouts at the camera (Li) and points at Steward in BG. He's agitated. Sweating.

LESSIG: The guy's some spy from UGK Nantech who's making up some cockamamie story to cover the fact that he got caught snooping around our lab.

Pan 6- Shot through some of the tubes and wires hanging in the lab. Polton gingerly questions Steward. Li in BG stares at Steward intently.

POLTON: You say you've done this nine times, but I don't remember any of this.

STEWARD: It is an after effect of my power, whatever remains of it at this point.

STEWARD: One might remember ideas or impressions, but conversations or events are lost to memory.

LI: His eyes. I remember his eyes.

Pan 7- Wide. Steward's torso in FG, his back to camera. Lessig points at him from BG, panel left. Hobart advances on him with gun drawn (not taser) from BG panel right.

LESSIG: Enough of this. We're wasting time. Larry, get him out of here.

HOBART: No kung fu this time, buddy.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE EIGHT

Pan 1- The gun in XFG points at Steward who holds his hands up in weary surrender.

STEWARD: You only fire that weapon three out of nine previous timelines, but in one of them Dr. Li was struck by a stray bullet and mortally wounded.

STEWARD: For that reason I will comply.

Pan 2- Wide. Li at panel left BG looks at Steward being led away with gun in his back by Hobart in panel center FG. In panel right BG Lessig wipes his brow in relief.

LI: His eyes.

HOBART: Okay, chief.

HOBART: Should I call the cops?

LESSIG: Uh, no, Larry. We want to keep a lid on this for now.

LESSIG: Lock him up in the supply room, please.

Pan 3- Narrow. High angle of Hobart prodding Steward down the hall.

HOBART: You know, you don't seem all that bent out of shape for the end of the world breathing down our necks and all.

HOBART: I mean, shouldn't you be kicking ass rather than letting some broken down old security guard lock you up with the printer cartridges?

STEWARD: Mr. Hobart...

Pan 4- MCU Steward looking back over his shoulder at Hobart with deadpan expression. See a little Hobart in FG.

STEWARD: Have you considered that your lives aren't the only ones I'm trying to save here?

Pan 5- We're inside a storage room. Computer equipment, paper, boxes, cleaning supplies, old equipment, etc. Steward is now inside and Hobart holds door open behind him, gun still trained.

STEWARD: Besides, I'm quite tired. You see, every time I do this I take my life in my hands.

STEWARD: I go places no one else can. I see and feel things no one should. Things that can push even one like myself into oblivion.

Pan 6- The door is now closed, but Hobart is looking in through one of those wire reinforced slot windows found in schools and such, like a 6 inch by 24 inch vertical bar just over the doorknob. Steward stares out patiently.

STEWARD: Nine times I've risked my very being for you.

STEWARD: And I will be here for the tenth.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE NINE

Pan 1- High angle inside the supply room. Steward sits against a box, legs folded, eyes closed. We see all manner of supplies in the room (IMPORTANT).

CAP: 12/21/09 - 1:00:32 AM

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: And now a little nap?

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: No. Not you.

Pan 2- Steward with head down in profile MCU. Darkened room. Eyes still shut.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: I know what you're doing.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: You're running over the events of the day in your mind, looking for any mistake you might have made, scanning for your own faults.

Pan 3- Repeat Pan 2, but Steward raises his head.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Typical.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: This event has nothing to do with you, but you believe that somehow looking long and hard enough into your own mind will unlock a solution.

Pan 4- XCU Steward with blazing eyes now open.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: What I wouldn't give to be in that cavernous mind of yours-

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Knocking memories to the floor like stalactites, shouting down the bottomless chasms of your regrets.

Pan 5- Steward stands and opens the top of a box. He's up to something.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: But I'll settle for reading the frustration on your face.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: And the battle to come.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE TEN

Pan 1- Wide, inside supply room. Steward sits calmly on a chair in FG while Dr. Li opens the locked door and pushes it open gingerly. Looks very tired.

CAP: 12/21/09 - 6:48:09 PM

STEWARD: Where's Mr. Hobart?

LI: Ran off. The things you said started to come true and he freaked out.

STEWARD: That's new.

Pan 2- Back in the corridor. Steward now walks ahead of LI, recharged and ready to get down to business.

LI: Can you really help us?

STEWARD: That depends. Is it speaking yet?

Pan 3- Wide. Inside the lab we see Polton looking in worriedly at a now humanoid nanite robot about seven feet tall as it sits in the center of the clean room as if in a daze. Li & Steward enter in FG.

LI: See for yourself.

Pan 4- CU the robot staring at a spot in the floor ten feet ahead of it. There are no longer any objects in the clean room. It has absorbed all.

POLTON OP: It just stares like that.

Pan 5- The robot looks up and off panel left.

LI OP: It recognizes you.

P6- Low angle CU worried Steward staring at the glass. Li and Polton behind.

STEWARD: That's new, too.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE ELEVEN

Pan 1- Wide. Slightly elevated angle. Steward turns from glass and stares at floor in thought. Polton and Li draw near.

STEWARD: Perhaps it's sentient enough to hold impressions of our previous encounters.

STEWARD: Where's Dr. Lessig?

LI: Like you said, we had to medicate him. Rick's holding together, though.

LI: The town's being evacuated now.

Pan 2- Low angle CU serious Steward.

STEWARD: I need access to Dr. Lessig's notes.

STEWARD: Every last scrap.

Pan 3- In Lessig's private office. Small and efficient, but now strewn with papers. Three monitors aglow with information. Steward and Li stare at screens.

CAP: 12/21/09 - 8:04:13 PM

STEWARD: I must have missed something.

STEWARD: I monitor nearly every scientific human endeavor very closely and the work in this lab should be nowhere near this level of sophistication.

STEWARD: No nanotech or A.I. research team in the world is anywhere near what you've achieved in both fields.

STEWARD: It's as if your working knowledge doubled overnight.

Pan 4- MCU Li handing Steward a pasteboard composition notebook.

LI: Marty did say he had a breakthrough the other day. Check his personal journal.

LI: Old fashioned, I guess. Likes to write long hand.

Pan 5- Over Steward's shoulder as he studies the handwritten pages.

STEWARD: That's odd. I was so focused on the content I didn't notice the dates of the entries.

STEWARD: There's this leap in his thinking between February 18th and 19th that would normally represent months of intensive work.

STEWARD: Has Dr. Lessig shown this capacity before?

Pan 6- Wide. Li leans on a desk at panel left while Steward buries his head in notes in FG, his back to us.

LI: Let's be frank, we're the B team.

LI: This sort of thing is way above Marty's pay grade. It hit him like a bolt from the blue.

STEWARD: Troubling.

STEWARD: You may return to the lab. Notify me of any drastic changes in the entity's disposition.

Pan 7- Tiny panel. The exterior of the lab as snow starts to fall in the night sky.

STEWARD (from INT): We have a long night ahead of us.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE TWELVE

Pan 1- Still inside Lessig's office. Steward looks up from the piles of notes, reacting to a noise OP.

CAP: 12/21/09 - 11:32:55 PM

SFX OP: Skrash!

Pan 2- Wide. The robot has smashed through the glass between the clean room and the lab. It seems to flailing wildly, panic stricken, stuck halfway like a killer whale that has landed on a sand bar mid leap. Polton cowers against a wall as Steward enters. Li looks to him for help. Big panel.

ROBOT: Yaaaaaaah!

LI: This new, too?

Pan 3- Li stands behind Steward as he assesses the situation. Glass flies in FG.

STEWARD: Actually, no-

STEWARD: But I didn't want to alarm you.

P4- CU the robot screaming in agony. The agony of self -awareness.

ROBOT: Yeeeeeeee-aaaaaaah!

Pan 5- Wide. In FG Polton clamps both hands over ears and doubles over in fear and panic. In MG Steward tries to ward Polton off. In BG the robot falls to the floor from the window. Still human sized.

POLTON: It's screaming. It won't stop screaming!

STEWARD: It's afraid, Polton. Don't panic it further!

ROBOT: Yeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE THIRTEEN

Pan 1- Profile. Polton in FG has a fire extinguisher and is charging toward panel right. In BG Steward and Li shout at him to stop.

POLTON: Stop! Stop that!

LI: Rick, don't!

Pan 2- Wormseye from between Polton's legs as the fire extinguisher smashes into the robot's head, denting it.

POLTON: Shut you up!

SFX: Thuk! Thuk!

Pan 3- MCU Polton rearing back with the extinguisher to deliver another blow.

POLTON: Shut you up for good!

Pan 4- Repeat Pan 4, but now a tube of web-like goo shoots over Polton's mouth and nose from the bottom of the panel. It's robot matter.

Throp!

POLTON: Hllkkk!

Pan 5- Wide. Ground level. The robot crouches over the dead Polton. Tubes extend from his hands and cover Polton's entire head. Polton's torso seems to be changing into the robot stuff. In BG Li clutches her chest in grief and Steward reaches into his pocket for something.

LI: Oh, my god.

LI: Oh, god. Rick.

ROBOT: Processing.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE FOURTEEN

Pan 1- Steward MCU in FG as he hefts a dagger that appears to be made of

two metal plates wound together with electrical tape and wires. A small circuit board is taped on near the hilt and two extension cords run from the handle. It's a McGyver electric dagger. Li in close BG reacts in shock. Steward's arm/dagger frame her.

STEWARD: Could you plug this in for me?

LI: What the hell is that?

Pan 2- Low angle CU of Steward holding knife in front of him.

STEWARD: A weapon I fashioned while locked up. It delivers a small electromagnetic pulse that disrupts the nanites' synaptic communication.

LI OP: You built that?

LI OP: In the supply room?

Pan 3- High angle. Steward walks forward defensively, knife now aglow. In BG Li has crouched down to plug it in. About 30 feet of slack. In FG robot twirls like a dervish. Polton is no more.

STEWARD: Not enough to kill it, but it will buy me time.

ROBOT: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Pan 4- Low angle CU Steward in FG. In BG Li looks scared, backed against wall.

LI: There it goes again. This is bad, isn't it?

ROBOT OP: Weeeeeeeeeee-

STEWARD: Imagine a nuclear weapon having an acute existential crisis.

Pan 5- Steward's knife in FG frames robot who now seems to notice him.

ROBOT: Weeeee arrrrre-

STEWARD (semi OP): So, yes- this is as bad as it gets.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE FIFTEEN

Pan 1- The robot lunges wildly at Steward.

ROBOT: We are-

ROBOT: Nothing.

STEWARD: I don't want to hurt you-

Pan 2- Robot smashes some lab equipment behind Steward as he ducks its swipe.

ROBOT: Nothing!

SFX: Krash!

Pan 3- Low angle. Robot's torso in XFG from behind as Steward plunges the blade into its side.

ROBOT: We are nothing.

SFX: Thrup! Vmmmm!

Pan 4- High angle as Steward deftly dodges another swipe and sinks the blade into the robot's thigh.

ROBOT: Human unit-

ROBOT: is nothing!

SFX: Thrup! Vmmmm!

Pan 5- Wide. Steward and robot face off like boxers. The places where Steward sunk his blade seem to have more of the grey circuit-like veins and lines centered around them, like breaks in auto glass.

STEWARD: Stop! Stop for a moment and talk to me.

ROBOT: Disrupted.

ROBOT: Human unit disrupts us.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE SIXTEEN

Pan 1- Steward in FG holding blade out. In MBG robot stares down at his hands and elongated fingers in horror.

STEWARD: I just want you to slow down and talk with me.

STEWARD: Let me help you.

ROBOT: We convert-

ROBOT: available matter.

Pan 2- The robot now covers his face with his spider-like hands. Clearly tormented.

ROBOT: We replicate.

ROBOT: We develop systems-

ROBOT: To convert more matter.

ROBOT: And we replicate.

Pan 3- Robot seems to grow in right before Steward's eyes. He's close to the ceiling.

ROBOT: Beyond that-

ROBOT: We have no-

ROBOT: prescribed function.

Pan 4- From outside the lab as the robot smashes up through the roof, throwing his arms wide in agony.

ROBOT: No purpose.

SFX: SHRAKOOM!

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE SEVENTEEN

Pan 1- Wide. Robot smashes the building with one free hand while another extends its tendrils to absorb more matter. It's about 20 feet tall here. We can see that Steward has plunged his blade into the robot's side and is hanging on for dear life as it grows upward.

ROBOT: Our existence is-

ROBOT: Superfluous.

ROBOT: Futile.

SFX: THAM!

Pan 2- Low angle below Steward as he hangs on like a mountain climber. Robot turns to look down at him.

ROBOT: Now we learn-

ROBOT: that our existence-

ROBOT: is the result of-

ROBOT: human endeavor.

Pan 3- Small CU Steward clinging on.

STEWARD: You assumed your creators would be more advanced than yourselves. It's natural.

Pan 4- Robot brushes Steward off like a bug.

SFX: THROP!

Pan 5- Low angle. Camera just behind Steward as he crawls from debris in FG. In MG we see the robot looking down at him with a cold, frightening stare. Snow, of course.

ROBOT: We did not assume-

ROBOT: we were created-

ROBOT (don't connect): at all.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE EIGHTEEN

Pan 1- Low angle CU robot. Suddenly still.

STEWARD OP: And to believe you are little more than an accident perpetrated by another accident.

ROBOT: It is-

ROBOT: unpleasant.

Pan 2- We're even with Steward and in profile as he bravely walks toward the robot's leg. He's about knee high. Robot is about 25 feet tall.

STEWARD: And frightening.

STEWARD: The root of all violence is fear.

ROBOT: Processing.

Pan 3- Shot past Steward's shoulder up to inquisitive robot.

ROBOT: You make violence.

STEWARD: I am pledged to protect these humans, to shepherd them to a higher plane.

ROBOT: Explain.

Pan 4- Robot's POV. High angle Steward is small figure.

STEWARD: They are often very weak and very frightened, but at times indescribably noble and beautiful.

STEWARD: I've been watching them for four million years, and their ancestors for countless millions before that.

STEWARD: Someday they will be my equals, my companions.

Pan 5- Wide, wide, angle. The robot stands in the waist high remains of the building (not totally demolished) and spreads his arms wide in a "look at me" gesture.

ROBOT: Look at what we-

ROBOT: have done.

ROBOT: From single cell-

ROBOT: to advanced intelligence-

ROBOT: in twenty-four hours.

Pan 6- Profile robot.

ROBOT: We project becoming-

ROBOT: your equal-

ROBOT: in thirty-six hours.

Pan 7- CU grim Steward.

ROBOT OP: Are we not-

ROBOT OP: more fit-

ROBOT OP: to be your companion?

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE NINETEEN

Pan 1- Wide. Small Steward stands at robot's feet. Snow.

STEWARD: And this world? Its inhabitants?

ROBOT: Humans are irrelevant-

ROBOT: Until converted.

Pan 2- MCU robot reaching upwards, hand about even with top of head. Narrow panel.

ROBOT: In forty-eight hours-

ROBOT: this planet will be converted.

Pan 3- Push in closer on its hand now above it's head, surrounded by blackness but for the snow. Narrow panel.

ROBOT: In thirty-two days this solar system.

Pan 4- Same, but now we're so close we just see the robot's finger tips at the bottom of the panel and the snow falling through the blackness.

ROBOT: In four hundred years-

ROBOT: we will be-

ROBOT: a galactic system.

Pan 5- High angle. We see that the robot has turned to look into the sky and Steward is behind him. Narrow, perspective shot.

STEWARD: Then what?

ROBOT: That is the question-

ROBOT: We are processing.

ROBOT: Processing.

Pan 6- Wider. Robot turns to crouch at Steward, one knee on ground.

ROBOT: The universe-

ROBOT: as we perceive it-

ROBOT (don't connect): Has no purpose.

Pan 7- CU Steward with arms out, explaining as if to a child.

STEWARD: And that is why you fear. Why you lash out.

STEWARD: These humans- your brothers and sisters- ask the same questions every day.

STEWARD: It drives some of them mad. It makes some blindly pious, and others derisively skeptical.

Pan 8- CU robot tilting his head in curiosity.

STEWARD OP: They all seek miracles. Some to cherish, others to disprove.

ROBOT: Explain miracle.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE TWENTY

Pan 1- Wide. Now the robot leans in on his hands and knees to get right in Steward's face.

STEWARD: Evidence that something exists outside of what we understand.

STEWARD: Proof that somehow, in some way, what we do transcends our bleak reality.

ROBOT: Show miracle.

Pan 2- Behind Steward as he speaks into the huge face looming before him.

STEWARD: That's the trick, isn't it?

STEWARD: By definition the divine could never be obscured by the mundane world. It would supersede all.

STEWARD: And yet, we fail to find it in the cold, hard facts.

STEWARD: So is the fault in the perceiver or the perceived?

Pan 3- From behind robot's hunched shoulders to Steward.

ROBOT: Processing.

STEWARD: Let me put it to you simply.

STEWARD: Either nothing is a miracle...

Pan 4- Straight on CU Steward looking wise.

STEWARD: Or everything is.

STEWARD: Your existence alone, inexplicable as it is...

STEWARD: Is proof.

Pan 5- Wide. The robot now sits on its butt, like a despondent drunk. Steward in FG.

ROBOT: It is-

ROBOT: difficult.

STEWARD: I understand. This world isn't ready for you. That will change.

STEWARD: I remain constant through time. Let me take a portion of your awareness within me.

Pan 6- The robot looks over from his slumped posture in amazement at Steward.

STEWARD OP: I can keep you safe until such time as the world understands a life form like yours.

ROBOT: You would let us-

ROBOT: convert you?

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE TWENTY-ONE

Pan 1- Steward in MG is framed by robot's arm as it leans on the ground.

STEWARD: All you need is one cell. A seed.

ROBOT: We could-

ROBOT: convert you-

ROBOT: entirely.

Pan 2- Steward with a grim grin.

STEWARD: Perhaps, and I could keep folding this day, erasing your evolution time after time, until I found a way to destroy you.

STEWARD: Or until I die.

Pan 3- Robot leans in again. Profile. Face only a foot or two from Steward.

STEWARD: But I won't.

ROBOT: Sensors indicate-

ROBOT: gravitic anomaly at your center.

ROBOT: Resulting temporal distortion-

ROBOT: likely.

ROBOT: Unit is truthful.

Pan 4- Over Steward's shoulder to the robot who has tilted his head as if in deep thought.

ROBOT: Processing.

STEWARD: There's no time. I must act now.

STEWARD: I know now that I was never meant to prevent your existence, but to shepherd it, just like your human siblings.

Pan 5- MCU profile Steward extending his cut and bloodied hand (no glove).

STEWARD: Give me your essence and you will persist through the folded time.

STEWARD: Dr. Lessig's accident will not become sentient because your

awareness will already be within me.

Pan 6- Sistine chapel time. The Steward's outstretched hand is met by the robot's fingertip. The familiar bright light/warping effect of the time fold starts to kick in in BG right at the point they touch.

CAP: 2/21/10 - 11:59:45 PM

STEWARD: Take my hand. See through my eyes.

STEWARD: Make everything a miracle.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: How trite.

DAYS MISSING #5 PAGE TWENTY-TWO

Pan 1- Wide. Back in the library the Steward writes in his journal.

CAP: 12/22/09 - 12:00:00

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: I honestly didn't think one of our kind was capable of summoning such metaphysical treacle.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Miracles. Magic. Altruism.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: You must disabuse yourself of these notions, Dear Steward, if you wish to play at my level.

Pan 2- CU Steward closing the book with a troubled look.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: But that's the problem.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: You don't even know the game has begun, do you?

Pan 3- Long shot. Steward goes over to his bookshelf and pulls out a random volume.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Ah, you are sharp, though.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Dr. Lessig's stroke of genius troubles you still.

Pan 4- Over the Steward's shoulder as he stops at a page.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Do you suspect my presence yet? Does it inspire relief to imagine you have an equal?

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Or dread?

Pan 5- Repeat 4, but now he is turning to a blank page.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Looking for the gaps in your guardianship?
Those moments events seemed to spiral out of control.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Look back. You notice them now, don't you?

Pan 6- Reverse angle. Low and in front of Steward. The Steward rips the page out in disbelief.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: The blank pages where your journal entries should be. The jumps in the playback of history.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: The days missing from the days missing.

Page 7- Wider. Steward now stands in a snow drift of blank pages. Countless journals open on the table and floor around him. He's nearly on his knees in disbelief. Behind him, we see a super-imposed image of a hooded being much like the Steward image from the cover of #1.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: Look upon those blank pages, Steward.

ANTI-STEWARD NARRATION: And see my hand.

CAP: End.